

Useful  
Hints

## Woman and Home

Ethical  
Talks

## The Morning Story

THE QUEEN OF COOKS.  
By Don La Grange.

Mrs. Bliss came into the day nursery, her large, rosy face glowing a deeper pink with the exertion of climbing the stairs to the third floor.

"Good morning, Miss Newton," she smiled at the little nursery governess, who was sitting with Bobby in the window seat. "I wonder if you and Bobby wouldn't like to play to-day? We are going to picnic at the pine grove."

"Oh, mother-honey," Bobby flung his sturdy fist at his parent. "Will there be lemonade and chicken sandwiches? And can I have my new white Tommy Tucker suit?"

"Yes, to everything," laughed Mrs. Bliss, kissing him and moving toward the door. "Can you be ready in fifteen minutes, Miss Newton?"

"Of course, we can, Mrs. Bliss! We wouldn't miss a picnic for the world, would we, Bobby?" She jumped up and put away books and toys. "Come, children!"

They danced down the corridor to Bobby's room, where nurse quickly put him into the much-admired suit. In the meantime, Beth Newton brushed her red-brown hair and slipped into a dainty pale blue gingham frock, then the girl and the little boy went separately downstairs to the front veranda, where three motor cars were waiting for the merry house party that had filled the Bliss country home for ten days.

Some of the girls and women came up and spoke to Bobby and nodded kindly to the little governess; one of them, Miss Nugent, tall, graceful and curiously kind in her manner. Introduced Beth right and left, until presently the girl found herself in timid conversation with Mr. Carl Bellew, so many times a millionaire that no one troubled to remember exactly how many dollars there were, and only recalled that he was just as nice as if he didn't have a penny.

At last they were off. Beth and Bobby tucked away in the tonneau of the last car with Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, the footman and the lunch baskets, which overrode on to the running boards and the luggage carriers.

"This is jolly!" cried Bobby enthusiastically as they swept out of the driveway and turned up the road that led to Pine Mountain.

Beth smiled absently. Perhaps she was thinking that it might have been pleasanter if she had been in one of the other large cars among that merry crowd of girls and young men. But she chided herself sharply for the momentary discontent and was soon her own accustomed happy self, enjoying the unexpected holiday to the utmost.

At the pine grove the picnic hampers were unloaded; James, the footman, built a fire, and was then allowed to return home with the machines. They were to come for the picnickers at sundown. "One can't have a jolly picnic with servants around," Mrs. Bliss had decided.

Leaving the fire to take care of itself, the party trooped through the pines to the glade where a wonderful tunnel among the brown rocks. An acrid smell of burning brought them running to the campfire.

The fire had overleaped the boundaries of its encircling stones and had lapped its way among the pine needles until it reached the four large hampers.

There was nothing left of the food save blackened remnants and of the hampers there remained only charred splinters. As the picnickers reached the scene the last soda water bottle exploded with a sickening report.

"Seven miles from anywhere!" groaned Mrs. Bliss.

"And not a thing to eat!" added Mrs. Mitchell blankly.

"Or to drink," mourned Mr. Mitchell as he grubbed among the ruins of the hampers.

There was a murmur of discontent among the young people. Some of the men volunteered to walk back to the house and bring something to eat, but the question was quickly decided when a few heavy drops of rain fell.

"Where is the nearest shelter?" asked Carl Bellew.

"It must be old Ned Blake's shanty," replied Mrs. Bliss. "At least it will keep us dry for awhile. Come, everybody!"

Some one laughed a spurt of adventure, and the party hastened under the slope until they reached a long, weather-beaten shanty built against a great rock that formed its rear wall.

Ned Blake was a hermit who gained a living by gathering herbs and berries in season.

Repeated knocks upon the door brought no response. "The latch-string is out," suggested Beth Newton.

Carl Bellew pulled the latch-string and pushed open the weather-beaten door. The poor furnishings were spotlessly clean and neat, but the hermit was absent.

"We must find something to eat and we can pay Ned when he returns," said Mrs. Bliss as she sank down in a cushioned wicker rocker, while the young people found seats on the rag-carpeted floor behind the open fire.

Soon Carl Bellew had a fire of hickory logs blazing on the hearth while Lillian Nugent and Beth Newton explored the pantry. Miss Nugent returned to the living-room.

"There isn't a bit of cooked food in the place—not even bread," she announced. "There are flour and sugar and eggs and potatoes and some canned things—what can we do? Do any of you girls know how to cook eggs?"

Miss Tyler confessed that she had made creamed eggs in a chafin dish at home—but she shrugged her shoulders.

The other women were silent. Beth Newton stood in the kitchen doorway, her face pink with shyness; she looked distractedly pretty at that moment.

"If you don't mind waiting a half-hour I believe I could prepare something fit to eat," she announced timidly.

They applauded her enthusiastically and offered to help. She accepted Miss Tyler for an assistant in the kitchen, and Lillian Nugent opened the tiny cupboard and prepared to set the table for a dozen people from the hermit's scanty store of crockery.

Beth lighted a fire in the cracked old cookstove, Carl Bellew and Andy Smith carried firewood and opened tin cans of vegetables.

Bobby danced in and out reporting progress. "Baked potatoes! Hot biscuits—ham! Bacon—mother, they're cooking bacon and eggs out there!"

They were doing all those things, while outside of the frail shelter a summer rain drummed on the shingles and made the fire and the coals more desirable.

At last they sat down at two tables. They gave Beth a seat of honor, and no one told her of the dab of flour on her hair or the smudge of soot that became a beauty spot near her lovely eye. With her flushed cheeks, her ruffled brown hair, her pale blue sleeves pushed up above her rounded elbows, Beth Newton was radiant.

They were all so good to her, too! She smiled happily, too tired to eat, her eyes met Carl Bellew's and something in the man's gaze brought a hot blush to her cheek. After that

her eyes did not wander far from her plate.

As a delightful surprise Beth produced a steamed apple pudding with maple syrup, and in token of their gratitude Andy Smith hastily plucked a bunch of herbs from the rafters and solemnly crowned her with a wreath of catnip, the queen of cooks.

By the time the dishes were washed and put away the sun was shining outside. The invaders had restored the house to order and Carl Bellew had planned a note on the table cover. Inside of that envelope were folded crackling banknotes of such large denomination that old Ned Blake would never cease to marvel over the accession of riches that made his declining days more comfortable.

They returned to the scene of the camp fire, and all too soon the three motor cars arrived. Somehow Mrs. Bliss managed to smuggle Beth and Bobby in the same car with herself and Carl Bellew, and that night when she went to bed the girl assured herself that she had rounded out her perfect self.

A few days later the party had

broken up and the picnic was forgotten by all save Beth Newton and Bobby—and, perhaps, Carl Bellew. His place was not very far away, and he found many excuses for calling on the Blisses. When kindly Mrs. Bliss realized that it was her little nursery governess whom Carl Bellew wanted to see, she remembered her own days of wooing, and entered wholeheartedly into match-making.

"Dear," said Carl Bellew one October day when he had received Beth's answer, "I've loved you from the beginning, but when I tasted your cooking—"

Beth's hand pressed his lips in silence. She looked up at her splendid, gallant lover.

"Ah, Carl," she murmured. "I am such a humble little thing—unworthy of you! You might marry a princess—or a queen!"

Carl threw back his head and laughed. Then he gathered her closer in his arms.

"I am going to marry a queen," he protested. "The queen of cooks!"

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## TRIMMED WITH TAFFETA

For a Young Girl.



Bordered materials promise to be very popular this season. This model is of serge. A border of taffeta is used on the coat and skirt. Worn with this is a waist of checkered silk as is the lining of the short jacket. It is a very effective, beautiful costume.

Inconsistent Man  
BY LILLIAN RUSSELL.

(Copyright, 1915, by Lillian Russell.)

Man is wont to smile when he sees a woman's efforts to improve the skin of her face and the hair of her head. It amuses him. Sometimes he is sarcastic or cynical, or again he resorts to ridicule. In his superior sort of way he assumes to look with pity upon the woman whose pride leads her to spend time and money on her complexion and hair.

But take a census of the barber shops and then count the women in the beauty parlors! The men with hot or cold towels on their faces or the deft fingers of the barber carefully massaging cheek and scalp will gladly outnumber the women in the beauty parlors. The shop—yes, of course, that is necessary; but how many men leave the barber's chair without the odor of a tonic on their hair, the cheek and brow clear and tinted by the fingers of the masseur, the electric vibrator, or the skin made soft by applications of hot or cold water and lotions, to say nothing of the use of powder and creams.

O, I would not criticize the men. They are wise. Under the guise of shaving they do their massaging and secure their share of the cosmetics and lotions and attention to both face and scalp. While they smile at the gentle touch of the barber's hand, the result of the massage and the massaging tints their cheeks.

Many women would be wise if they followed more closely the example of men. The barber knows water values. With the hot and cold towels he whips the skin into excellent condition. Just as readily he resorts to massage to enliven, clear and clean it. With patience he invigorates the scalp, and his expert hands are liberal in the use of cosmetics, lotions, astringents, and tonics. But, over and above all, he knows water and the cold water cleanses the skin and the cold water closes the pores, while either or both tend to keep the dermis and epidermis in excellent condition and fine appearance.

The barber uses the towels rung out in hot water, placing them over the face to open the pores of the skin; he then rubs the cold cream or nutrient oil into the open pores until it is almost all absorbed; the face is then gently wiped off with a soft towel, then the cold water applications are used to close the pores; a powder finishes the man's toilet.

Many men come directly from the barber shop after going through a thorough treatment of massage with creams and lotions and find fault with their wives for using powder.

Lillian Russell's Answer.

Selma—Did any one say you were ugly, Selma? Why should you feel that you are? You are probably a little self-conscious, which is the result of being nervous. Try not to think about yourself at all. People probably never notice the way you walk. They might be admiring your fresh rosy color, or they may be thinking what pretty hair you have, or what a charming smile you have. Carry yourself well, hold up your chin, keep your shoulders back and every one will admire you for your perfect carriage.

Maude—Ward movements are good for reducing a fat back. You can take a broomstick and use it as you would a wand. Place the broomstick across the

shoulder blades and hold firmly with the hands, then bend forward, backward, and sideways. Practice this two or three times a day.

Veronica—I fear there are many, many persons in the world just like you. You cannot go through life without having some special aim or carving for nobody but yourself. We are more or less dependent upon others. Try to overcome your selfishness. Try each day to find something to do for some one, and before you know it you will have such a light heart and one so full of love that you will see love and happiness in everything around you. You can never keep young while your heart is being eaten up with selfishness. Just smile and let the smile illuminate your face and make others happy by its radiance.

S. H.—I should use an eyebrow pencil if I were you. You can procure one at

## ODD TIE

Stylish and Distinctive.



Of black velvet ribbon and has six small cameos and a silk tassel.

any drug store or department store. Shampooing often enough to keep the scalp clean is the best thing to prevent or overcome dandruff. Once in two weeks is not too often, but you must be careful to dry the hair thoroughly. A shampoo with tar or sulphur soap is the best.

H. N. M.—You weigh about twenty pounds too much for a woman of your height and years. It will not take long to dispose of those twenty pounds if you will persist in exercising every day. The rolling method is excellent for reducing hips and the Epsom salt solution may be used on the fleshy parts of the body. You should also carefully follow the reducing dietary, which I shall be glad to send to you on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope.

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Dr. Brady's Health Tails  
Nerve Food and Nerve Tonics.

The American public likes to be treated for weak nerves. There is a confirmed delusion that when a man or woman gets "run down" and suffers

from weariness and "brain fog" or develops a case of that mysterious ailment known, for some unsatisfactory reason, as neurasthenia, what he or she needs is a good "nerve tonic," and perhaps food which will build up and strengthen the nerves.

There are scores of alleged "nerve tonics," both proprietary and "ethical," on the market. An "ethical" remedy is one which physicians can be persuaded to prescribe—and some of us are very easily persuaded.

Here is a single solitary fact which decides argument because it is backed by science and common sense: No known food or medicine will feed or build up the nerves unless it acts precisely the same on every other part of the body.

Questions and Answers.

Prescription For a Helpless Husband: Mrs. E. M. writes: My husband would like to know what will relieve him of a coated tongue, foul breath, headache and constipation.

Reply—Get a set of boxing gloves and put them through his paces once a day. Make him get down on the floor with you and turn summersets and try the head stand. Feed him Johnny cake and buttermilk. Don't let a day go by without a few short ones. And be sure he sleeps with his windows open and his mouth closed.

Superfluous Hair: Can superfluous hair be permanently removed by the electric needle? Is it dangerous? Is it expensive?

Reply—Yes. It is tedious, somewhat expensive, not dangerous in skilled hands and leaves no scars.

Wanted, a Book About Freckled Red Heads, C. J. E. postcards with a typewriter. The normal person has dark hair and a clear complexion. What is the cause of freckles and red hair? Do you know of any authoritative book on this subject?

Reply—Does any one really know?

Look Out for This Fellow, Girls: Would it be advisable for a man who wears a toupee to marry a girl who admires his hair without knowing that he bought it?

Reply—We can say that if we were the girl it would be bad for his health.

GOMPERS SEEKS TO AVERT  
BIG TIE-UP IN CHICAGO

Threatened Strike Would Affect More Than 100,000 Workmen in Thirty-four Trades.

CHICAGO, March 26.—Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, and Thomas Williams, secretary of the Chicago Building Trades' Union, attended a conference of union labor leaders here today in an effort to bring peace between warring factions and prevent a threatened tie-up in building operations in Chicago on May 1, when a number of agreements with contractors expire.

The threatened tie-up would affect more than 100,000 workmen in thirty-four trades. The lathers and plasterers already are on strike. The dispute grows out of the opposition of a faction led by Albert Alex, business agent of the Lathers' Union, to the uniform arbitration agreement proposed by the Chicago Building Trades' Council.

Members of the minority faction in the council decide they have ten trades with them in their opposition to the uniform arbitration plan, and have demanded that the charter of the Chicago Building Trades' Council be annulled and a new organization formed.

President Gompers and Williams listened to statements from both sides of the controversy in executive session. Then President Gompers addressed the conference, urging peace, and, at his suggestion, a committee of ten, five from each side, was named in an effort to settle the dispute.

It was announced Mr. Gompers would remain here until Sunday in the hope of bringing the warring factions together in a peace agreement.

Death Penalty Abolished.

NASHVILLE, TENN., March 26.—The Senate passed a bill abolishing the death penalty in Tennessee. The bill, which makes two exceptions, in criminal assault cases and in cases of life term convicts who commit murder, now goes to the Governor.

Easter Sale.

All Saints' Episcopal Church will hold an Easter sale of fancy articles, candles and other goods at 213 East Broad Street to-day from 9 to 2 o'clock.

RAILROADS MUST SHOW  
RECORDS AND LETTERS

Member of U. C. C. Holds Information Is Relevant in Considering Application for Rate Increase.

CHICAGO, March 26.—Interstate Commerce Commissioner Daniels, hearing the request of forty-one Western railroads for an increase in rates on certain commodities, ruled to-day that the railroad officials should produce records and letters pertaining to the proposed increase. Attorneys for the railroads had called on the railroad to furnish not only records of the railroad meetings, at which freight rates had been discussed, but also correspondence between the railroad officials bearing on the subject.

The railroad's attorneys agreed to furnish the record of formal meetings, but objected to supplying the letters, saying that heretofore the production of such evidence had led to suits against the railroads under the Sherman law. Commissioner Daniels said the letters should be produced, the railroads taking such precautions to conceal identities as would prevent their being used in any suits. He held that the information was relevant in considering the reasonableness of the rates.

L. M. Hogsett, general freight agent of the International and Great Northern Railroad, testified to-day that fast service, heavy refrigerator cars, uncertainty of crops, the need for care, full estimates in advance of the crops, and the assembling of cars in smaller higher rates on fruits and vegetables.

"The special requirements for taking care of perishable fruits and vegetables are costly to the railroads out of all proportion to the rates paid into effect years ago," said the witness. He said that one road had to send 4,250 telegraph messages to handle 2,795 cars.

Miss Priscilla Says—

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6

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MISS HETH OFFICIAL HOSTESS

Valuable Collection of Historic Articles, Relics of Colonial Days, on Exhibition—Addresses by John T. Lewis and Others.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

SAN FRANCISCO, March 26.—Patriotism was the keynote of the dedication of Virginia's State building at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, which took place to-day. As in the building, which is a faithful reproduction of the historic Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington, so in the dedicatory ceremonies and the celebration afterward, history and the spirit of patriotic pride, played important parts.

"Dixie" and "My Maryland" were the two principal tunes played by the band. "America," however, also had an important place on the musical program.

Miss Nannie Randolph Heth, of Virginia and Washington, daughter of an old Southern family of the Confederacy, and connected with many of the Southern social and civil activities, was, as she has been since the opening of the exposition, the official hostess, while John T. Lewis, of Virginia, commissioner from his State, was the orator of the day in behalf of his government.

Addresses were also delivered by William Bailey Lamar, United States Commissioner; Governor Hiram W. Johnson, of California, and Mayor James Rolph, Jr., of San Francisco. A bronze plaque was presented by the officials of the exposition to the Virginia commission, commemorative of their contribution to the exposition's success.

The building, as well as its contents, at once transported the visitor into the past long gone by, when wigs and knee-breeches, tea parties and tallow candles were in vogue.

Most of the objects in the Virginia Building are the property of Miss Heth, who inherited them through a long line of ancestry and relations. The collection comprises many of the personal belongings of George and Martha Washington, articles of wear, examples of Martha Washington's needlework, jewels and cups belonging to the general.

There is a splendid array of Colonial furniture, rag rugs, tableware and china, and in addition a statistical and photographic display of Virginia's educational and farming methods.

KITES FOR LIFE-SAVERS

Dr. Reith Demonstrates Device of His Own Invention.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 26.—Kites were demonstrated as means of saving life yesterday, when Dr. F. W. Reith, of Alameda, Cal., leaped from the deck of the battleship Oregon into San Francisco Bay and was towed safely to Alcatraz Island, four miles from the anchorage of the war vessel, by a device of his invention.

The test was made against a strong incoming tide, but the wind was favorable for the kites.

Dr. Reith is seventy-three years old.

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DESCLAUX CONVICTED;  
SEVEN YEARS IN PRISON

Former French Paymaster Sentenced to Solitary Confinement and Military Degradation.

NAME OFF LEGION OF HONOR

Man Who Was Chief Secretary to Caillaux, When He Was Minister of France, Found Guilty of Stealing Military Supplies.

PARIS, March 26.—Colonel Francois Desclaux, former paymaster-general in the French army, charged with stealing military stores, was convicted yesterday and sentenced to seven years' solitary confinement and military degradation. His name was ordered removed from the list of the Legion of Honor.

Madame Bechoff, the wife of a German in whose house the stolen goods were found, also was declared guilty and sentenced to two years' imprisonment of adding in the theft, was given a one-year sentence. All the other defendants were declared not guilty.

Charles Philippe, counsel for Madame Bechoff, protested against the imputations that his client had organized in France a spy service, and that at her country home she had installed cement foundations for the emplacement of German cannon. Mme. Bechoff's father and uncle, he declared, had fought for France in 1870, and a number of her relations were doing the same to-day.

Maitre Demange, counsel for Colonel Desclaux, declared that Desclaux was not a thief, and said that Desclaux had furnished him, in confidence, the names of officers who had turned over the supplies and trophies to him. Desclaux would not reveal these names. M. Demange said, desiring to save his fellow-officers from scandal.

Desclaux, who formerly was chief secretary of Joseph Caillaux, when Caillaux was Minister of Finance, was arrested in January, charged with stealing military supplies and sending them to the home of Mme. Bechoff, one of the best-known dressmakers in Paris. Because of the conspicuous political connections of Desclaux and the prominence of Mme. Bechoff, the charges created a sensation.

When the court-martial assembled last Monday, one corner of the court-

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